



THE DEMON OF THE RAIL.



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the fact that every issue of Puck is specially copyrighted, and its contents protected by law. We have no objection to the reprinting of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we can not permit the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Two "systems" are the curse of our American schools, public and private. One is the text-book system, and the other is the marking system. They go hand-in-hand and do their work together. Their work is the over-straining of young bodies, and the dulling of young brains. The idea of these two wretched schemes is to save the teachers a little labor and a great deal of brain-work. They make it possible, in fact, to be a teacher and yet know nothing; thus enabling a large class of worthy but ignorant people to get a living with reasonable ease and certainty. Many a man who would otherwise be seeking vainly a position as assistant entry-clerk or light-porter is to-day getting a respectable salary as an instructor of the young—a position to which he could never aspire were it not for the text-book system.

The "system" has simplicity to recommend it, at the least. A publisher's hack writes a text-book—an English grammar, or a so-called history of the United States or the World, or a first book in natural history. Whatever he may call it, it is nothing better than a spiritless transcript of dull generalities and dry technical or statistical facts, culled, often with little attempt at accuracy, from such standard authorities as may be accessible to him. Then another hack, who calls himself a teacher, hands this book to the children given into his care, and tells them to learn so many lines or so many pages a day. He does not teach them; he merely tells them to learn. When the time for recitation comes, each child repeats all or a part of what he has committed to memory, while the hack compares the recitation with the printed page. If the recital and the text book agree, the child gets a credit of such and such a figure in a record-book. If there are discrepancies, the child gets a smaller figure. If the two do not agree at all, the child is marked nought or zero. At the end of the week the hack adds up the child's figures, divides the total by the number of the recitations, and gives the result—say 778.33—as John's or Eliza's "average of scholarship." This is written in a printed form, and sent to the child's parents, to be signed and returned. It will be seen that there is no undue strain upon the teacher's brain. It would be more difficult to measure tape and make change in a dry-goods shop.

But what a senseless, soulless "system" it is for the poor, helpless children! The industrious child toils and strives and learns by rote a vast mass of dry, cold fact, of the significance and value of which he knows nothing, and which it is beyond the power of his young and untrained memory to retain for any length of time, or to properly assimilate in any way. The idle child contents himself with imperfect recitations, takes home his record of "low average scholarship," and accepts the consequent punishment, whatsoever it may be. And we are inclined to

think that often-times he goes out of his school-slavery better off than the child who has strained his mental capacity in the acquisition of useless knowledge or knowledge that he can not use—which is the sort of knowledge that most text-books give.

This assertion is sweeping; but it is essentially correct. The text-book-taught boy can "bound" the states of the Union, can repeat the names of the presidents in proper order, and can tell you when each monarch of England came to the throne. But what does he really *know* of the history, character and resources of his own country? What does he understand of the lesson of England's growth and the grandeur of her past? And how has he been taught to find out for himself? He knows of two books of reference—the Encyclopædia and the Dictionary. Take these away from him and he is all at sea. The learning of the ages is at his disposal, in countless public and private libraries; but he has no knowledge of what study really means; he has no power to distinguish the useful from the useless—he has not *learned to learn*. History is for him a matter of dates; geography a matter of statistics. He can not understand that a man may know all that is worth knowing of Louis the Fourteenth, of France, and yet have to go to his book-shelves and take down a work of reference to find the dates of Louis's birth and death.

If this were the worst of the text-book system it would be bad enough; but it is not the worst. A base venality has made it doubly a curse. The multiplication of text-books has been carried so far that even the most ignorant and thoughtless of "parents and guardians" must suspect the existence of a disgraceful alliance between the publishers of school-books and a certain class of school-teachers and school-superintendents. The books used in many of our schools are changed with a frequency that can not but excite suspicion. The book that was the standard last year is supplanted by a new one this season; the boy who has an edition of 1885 is ordered to get one of 1886. Parents may protest; but the books must be bought and paid for, or the responsibility

for the boy's lagging behind in his studies does not rest with the school-teacher. Of course, the influences which are brought to bear upon the teachers and commissioners do not often take the form of gross bribery. In most cases the school authority obliges the publishers only because they oblige him in various ways—by giving him discounts on books and stationery for his own use, we may suggest, by way of instance. But, unfortunately, it is impossible not to believe that in many instances the influence goes a great deal further than this. On no other ground can be explained the feverish anxiety shown in many schools to pile study upon study; to load down weak, half-grown children with books upon books; to enact tasks—always under this text-book system—which wear out young bodies and young brains, and bring our children to a premature, one-sided development of the mental faculties, at the expense of strained and enfeebled frames.

Senator Gorman's infamous bill making it a misdemeanor to exact from an employee a pledge that he will not join a labor organization is not likely to become a law; and if it did become a law it could not be upheld under the constitution. But it should not be forgotten that the man who is guilty of this shameless piece of demagoguery is the representative of the element in the Democratic party which is opposed to the principles and policy of Mr. Cleveland. It gives us an opportunity to see the real character and value of that element—and to judge fairly of what it aims at.

It is pretty well known that all healthy people are full of fun and good nature. Fun is one of the attributes of health, just as health is one of the attributes of fun. If you can keep healthy, you can be full of fun. And if you cultivate fun and keep yourself constantly full of it, you can be healthy. What is the use of going to Florida to brace up your health, if you can keep your health up by laughing? Surely, there are no discomforts in laughing, because laughter aids digestion, and makes you feel like a new person. All laughing people are jolly, fat and generous, while most thin, emaciated people are dyspeptic and snappish. If your health is low, or your weight has gone down, don't take a trip to Rio Janeiro. It costs too much. Just invest a quarter in PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1887, and laugh all you can in the evenings. It will squelch blues, increase the flesh, set a broken leg or a hen, and fill the house with a sunshine that will reduce your coal and gas bills.

PENSIONS AHEAD.



PATRIOTIC CITIZEN.—You are opposed to forts, big guns, and so forth, are you? Very well; what could we do in case of a war?
BUSINESS TAX-PAYER.—Surrender the United States at once. Do you suppose the country could stand another load of veterans?

OVER AN ICE.



(There is a hospitality in gracious acceptance as well as in kindly bestowal. — ANON.)

MR. DE LYLE.—Quite a splendid affair, Miss Pompon!
MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mr. De Lyle, you are really quite too awfully funny.

MR. DE LYLE.—No, now, really, you know, 'pon honor!

MISS POMPON.—You mean, possibly, quite splendid from the Hobsonby side.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, now, really, Miss Pompon, you are quite too awfully sarcastic.

MISS POMPON.—It is really quite too amusing to see Mrs. Hobsonby beam.

MR. DE LYLE.—Her face certainly shines, but I fahncied—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, you are really quite too funny—

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, no, 'pon honor—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, but you really are. I don't wonder she's warm, though, in that velvet gown.

MR. DE LYLE.—Yes, royal purple, too. Do you know I really think the poor soul wanted to wear a crown, too.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mr. De Lyle, don't, please; I shall certainly choke.

MR. DE LYLE.—No, really, now, 'pon honor—

MISS POMPON.—Just fahncy, you know, a crown surmounting that wonderful coiffure—

MR. DE LYLE.—Really, I think it would quite cap the climax.

MISS POMPON.—Be quite a crowning feat.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, come, now, Miss Pompon, I hardly thought that of you, you know.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, it is all really quite too amusing.

MR. DE LYLE.—Do have another ice, Miss Pompon.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, thanks awfully.

MR. DE LYLE.—Do you know I don't think Hobsonby looks what you might call happy—

MISS POMPON.—No, he seems quite out of his element.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, Miss Pompon, really now—oh, come now—this is too much—

MISS POMPON.—Why, what did I say?

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, really now, you know—why you know he made all his money in fish.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, you don't say so; and I said he was quite out of his element—

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, really, this is quite too awfully absurd—

MISS POMPON.—Is n't it all quite too amusing?

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, I say, Miss Pompon—

MISS POMPON.—Now, Mr. De Lyle, don't be quite too awfully funny—

MR. DE LYLE.—No, 'pon honor; but I say—we ought to have plenty of good terrapin for supper—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mr. De Lyle, where is my fan? I shall certainly need reviving—

MR. DE LYLE.—You see, he can get it at wholesale, you know—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, you are really such a wit!

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, I say, Miss Pompon; have you noticed the pictures in the room over there?

MISS POMPON.—Yes. I did n't see any Corots or Meissoniers.

MR. DE LYLE.—No?

MISS POMPON.—The pictures looked as if they were done by the yard, you know, and cut off.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, really, you are so awfully clever, you know.

MISS POMPON.—There's a picture of Miss Hobsonby in the library, done in oil.

MR. DE LYLE.—Like a sardine, you know.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, really, now, you know, Mr. De Lyle, if you talk like that, I shall make you go and dance with her.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, Miss Pompon, that penance would be quite too dreadful.

MISS POMPON.—Do you stay for the cotillion?

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, no, indeed!

MISS POMPON.—Nor we. We go directly after supper.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, so do I, you know.

MISS POMPON.—I told mama it was quite too much to expect us to stay for the cotillion.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, quite, you know. Supper must be served by now; may I—

MISS POMPON.—Yes, you may take me down, and remember, Mr. De Lyle, you are not to be quite so awfully funny.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, no, 'pon honor—

(An hour-and-a-half later, the twain, emerging, encounter their hostess.)

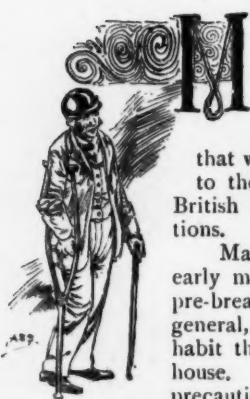
MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mrs. Hobsonby, your ball has been such a success. You are really quite to be congratulated, you know.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, yes, it is really quite too nice, altogether.

PHILIP H. WELCH.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

AS A PROMOTER OF HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.



MEDICAL and hygienic authorities agree that we are a nation of dyspeptics. This is attributed, in the East, to reckless dalliance with the great American pie. In the South, the frying pan is the terrible engine of stomachic destruction. Again, these authorities claim that we do not exercise ourselves enough, and point to the ruddy cheek, and embonpointedness of our British friends as the result of their out-door recreations.

Many of us have assiduously cultivated a taste for early morning walks, to the corner grocery, for our pre-breakfast cocktail, but this practice has not become general, because of the slothful, but perhaps economic, habit the majority have of keeping a bottle in the house. In this connection it is refreshing to note the precautions, adopted by the truly paternal government of England, to preserve its citizens against the evils attendant upon slothful habits, to understand which it is essential to know that, there, the Sunday law is, if that be possible, even more strictly enforced than in New York, where, indeed, if rumor be true, the side-door gaily creaks a glad welcome to the thirsty citizen.

It is easily foreseen, that an enforced day of rest, after six days of labor, carries in its train tendencies to gout, apoplexy, and fatty degeneration of the heart as the penalties of idleness. Parliament saw the danger to which it had exposed countless thousands by its thoughtless edict against Sunday liquor selling, but not desiring to stultify itself by repealing a statute, it proposed a remedy which would be effectual, by passing a law the provisions of which were, that any man, having traveled five miles, might demand solid and liquid refreshment at any tavern, and no Boniface dare say him nay.

Reduced to the alternative of "walk or no beer," the sturdy Briton of course walks, even if he has to be carried back.

To return to our mutton: What we need is more out-door amusement. If we except the few dude Polo players, our only National, and I may say rational, game is Base-ball, and this only occupies less than half the year. "Ow much better they do these things hin Hingland, don'tcher know!" There they divert themselves all summer with cricket, and instead of hybernating all winter, as we do, they reserve for that season, their most health-giving sport—I refer to the noble game of foot-ball!

There is a game, the possibilities of which are exceeded nowhere, except perhaps on the battle-field. The professional seeking an engagement shows his scars as his credentials. He who can show a broken leg, a dislocated hip, and a trepanned skull is assured a lucrative position in any club, whilst the player who can but display a broken nose or toothless mouth has his pretensions laughed to scorn.

Surgeons, stretchers, crutches, lint, and bandages are the natural auxiliaries of the game. After the grand rush is over, and the ball has reached the goal, the ambulance corps enter the field, and bring in the dead and wounded.

In the Foot-ball Notes of "an esteemed English contemporary" I find the following short list of casualties:

At Burstern, on Saturday, a player named Ernest Fitzmorris was so severely injured that he died six hours later.

At Heaton Norris, on Saturday, during a match between Heaton Norris and New Mills, a player of the former club, named Whitmore, had his leg broken.

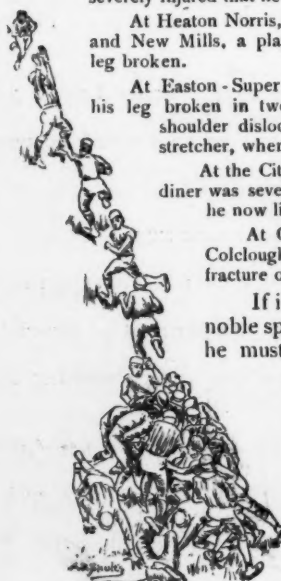
At Easton-Super-Mare, on Saturday, a player named Ashcroft had his leg broken in two places, and another, named Wellburn, had his shoulder dislocated. Ashcroft was conveyed to the station on a stretcher, whence he was sent home.

At the City Club grounds, on Saturday, a player named Cordiner was severely kicked, and was taken to the Infirmary, where he now lies unconscious from concussion of the brain.

At Chorlton-Cum-Hardy, on Saturday, a player named Colclough had his eye kicked out, beside sustaining a slight fracture of the skull. He will probably recover.

If it be objected by some captions critic that this noble sport is *not* conducive to health and longevity, he must be of that effeminate nature that would prefer to live an ignoble dyspeptic on pie than enjoy the excitement of being trampled to death on the boundless prairie by a herd of buffalo—who would rather die lingeringly of fried batter-cakes than wrestle with a locomotive for the right of way, and who believes in the pusillanimous maxim that "a live dog is better than a dead lion."

Yours for health, TOM WRIGHT.



QUERY.



Is n't it a waste of money for citizens to pay an admission fee to the "Wild West" Show, when they can see this performance daily in the vicinity of the East River?

"WHY DO New York people dress so loudly that they make themselves ridiculous all over the world?" asks an exchange. They don't. That is probably one reason.

It is said that the Czar gets up every morning with war in his heart, but after he has had about four witchski cocktails, gentle peace begins to spread her wings.

A RESIDENT OF Stuyvesant Square says that life in that neighborhood would be simply gilt-edged in its luxury if the St. George church bells could only be seen, and not heard.

FIRST LOVE.

I.

An angel blessed my childhood's days,
A singer she of cultured lays,
Upon the Broadway boards;
At matinées I used to be,
And flung my heart upon the sea,
Of wild, resounding chords.

II.

She always wore a robe of white,
Her cheeks were red, her curls were quite
As golden as my own;
My memory this sorrow brings—
I wept because she had no wings,
And I had none to loan.

III.

Old time sped on my life too fleet;
What though he brought funds for the seat
Much nearer to my saint,
When with it came the knowledge bleak,
The blushings of her dimpled cheek,
Were nothing more than paint?

IV.

I've seen the ocean foam and swell,
I've heard the tempest shriek a knell,
For mate and sailor lad;
It never thrilled me, like the storm
Of anguish, when I learned her form
Comprised the cotton-pad.

V.

Yet smile not at the solemn truth,
Which wisdom brought my fading youth—
My passion soon defiled.
My love I'll worship as a man,
Alas! Alas! I never can
Revere her as a child.

WALTER STEPHEN MURPHY.

Deponent visiteth ye great All-Lady Minstrels' Aggregation as a child, with fearful results.

Deponent, being duly sworn, deposes and says that she was an angel without wings.

Deponent secureth ye clerkship, and maketh four-fifty a week. Discovereth that she paints.

Deponent learneth all about ye cotton-pads and bustles. Taketh ye sworn circulation out of the editorial columns.

Deponent, of his own knowledge, believeth that they all do it. He can never love as he did when he was in childish ignorance of the existence of the aforesaid pads, bustles, beautifiers, golden washes, blonde elixirs, portable bangs and switches, Marie Antoinette hair restorers, cream balms, lip vermilion, celluloid teeth, violet powders, Madam Eugenie's choice enamels, Professor Ponce de Leon's \$2 boxes of pearl, pink, rose and light-brown complexions, and Jigg's glycerine, tar, oatmeal and arsenic face plasters. He wouldeth, in short, he were a boy again.



ARMY AND NAVY INTELLIGENCE.

—Miss Perseverance Quest, after ten years of fancied security spent at the frontier post where her brother is stationed, has at last been led a victim to the hymeneal altar.

—The extension of the extended leave of absence granted Lieut. James Coburger is extended two months, with permission to apply direct to his father-in law for an extension of four months further.

—The post of Fort —, having been thoroughly fitted up with new quarters, offices, observatories, and telegraphic and railroad communications, will be abandoned without delay. The troops will proceed to go into winter cantonments, on the Uncomfortapahgree.

—In view of the recent depredations on the Southwest border, Capt. Sabreur, of the 29th Doughboys, has just gone out with a detachment of six mounted men to warn the Indians that further trifling will not be tolerated by an imperious government.

—Maj. John Coburger, whose family is in San Francisco, will proceed from his station at Fort Hamilton to the Presidio of San Francisco, with a detachment of four recruits. The travel enjoined is necessary for the Coburgers.

—Capt. Francis Coburger, whose family are passing the winter in New York City, will proceed from his station at San Francisco to Fort Hamilton, as a member of a board of survey convened to decide the proper pattern for the next obsolete gun to be manufactured for the Government. The travel is necessary, as the Captain has not been able to get a pass.

—Passed Midshipman Keelson, of the South Atlantic Squadron, reports a Merry Christmas passed on board the Kearsarge at Rio Janeiro. "Imagine a Christmas," he writes: "with the thermometer at a hundred." It must be very strange, and it serves to confirm a somewhat popular idea that the northern and southern hemispheres have opposite seasons. The Passed Midshipman concludes his letter with a beautiful poem in the true naval style, which we will give to our readers as soon as space allows our giving the antidote at the same time.

—In his report on the State troops of New Wisconsin, Col. Severe, if we may be allowed the pleasantry, has been quite too severe. His report, at least, is in great contrast to the commendatory ones given by the inspecting officers on the militia of other States. He says: "The troops of this State are inimitable in drill, immaculate in equipment, magnificent as to their uniforms, sublime in their military ambition, unrivaled in lofty daring, and possessed of a completeness of information as to the science of war which would have laid Napoleon on a bed of sickness from admiration and envy. They are the masterpieces, mirrors, paragons, flowers and iridescent

jewels of the profession of arms—perfect, faultless, indefectible, matchless, peerless, transcendent, superhuman—"

This is all he has to say in praise of these troops. Of course, the State will not ask for him as inspecting officer the coming year. It is far too deeply chagrined. The Colonel says that he likes the trip, and that he did not destroy his chances voluntarily, but that his Roget's Thesaurus has been exhausted of encomiastic phrases, and that he has to retire. The Colonel has a natural talent in language, which might here serve him in good stead; but he explains that while he can think of lots of vituperative adjectives when he sees a militiaman, he will be condemned to perdition if the sight doesn't drive every commendatory or even ambiguous adjective that he ever knew, right into the inaccessible fastnesses of unilluminated oblivion.

WILLISTON FISH.

A NEGLECTED MAN.

STRANGER.—I'm taking subscriptions for a monument to Adam. Can I put you down for something?

BOSTON MERCHANT.—Adam! I have n't seen his death in the paper lately.

STRANGER.—Oh, no; he died some time ago.

BOSTON MERCHANT.—And there has n't been a monument raised to him yet? Shameful! You may put me down for fifty cents. What regiment was he in during the war?

THERE WAS a great Doctor McGlynn,
Who regarded land-owning as sin;
Henry George's small taper
He thought quite the caper,
And found the millennium therein.

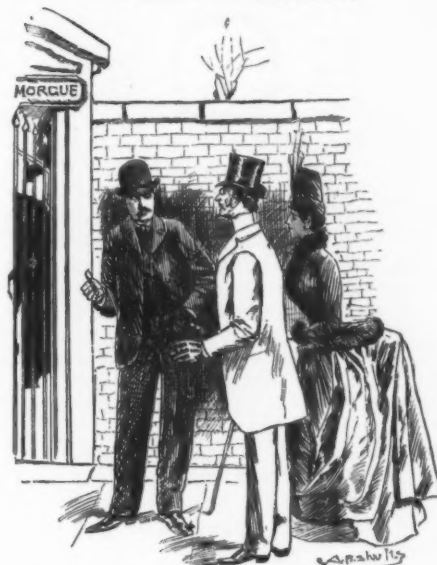
EVE'Y ONCE in a little while, the Secretary of the Navy's new baby is sea-sick.

AT THE COLORED PORTERS' BALL.



MR. CLAY.—Proud 'ter see yo', Miss Daisy. Been terbogginnin' any dis wintah?
MISS MOULD.—Nah; only once. Dat yer Mr. Laffly squeeze mah so hrrd he done bruk foh ribs.
MR. CLAY.—I 'spise a hog!

A CHILLY SIMILARITY.



KEEPER.—It ain't exactly a cheerful place, Mister; but if you can stand it, you're welcome to go in.

SIGHT-SEER.—That's all right, my friend. Open the door. We're from Newark!

WM. WHITLOCK publishes "A Study of Dogwood," which we are told is twenty inches by fourteen. We presume he means that the dogwood wand was twenty inches long, and that the boy jumped fourteen inches every time it landed on him.

PEOPLE IN Canada say that Sir John McDonald is to be made an Earl this year. Why hurry this thing? There will be a new method of capital punishment before long, and if you must degrade him, wait for something human to do it with.

AN ICE-YACHT can go up the Hudson at the rate of a mile a minute. And yet it is not known that any Alderman owns one.

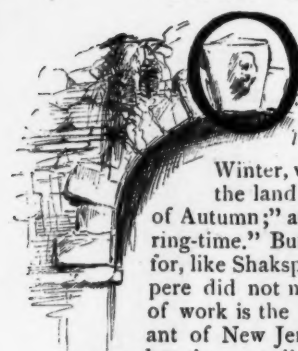
AN ENGLISH actor has gone crazy from the study of astronomy. This is not the first time an actor has lost his head from the "star" fever.

A BAND OF colored singers traveling in Canada began to sing a hymn at the dinner table in their hotel by way of grace; but they were summarily stopped by a Chicago man's shouting: "Stop that singing." It is obvious that the proper place for this gentleman is a private box at the Metropolitan Opera House. Society could talk more freely, if he were on hand.

WE ARE informed that a ton of flax will give greater heat than a ton of coal when burned. Those of our readers who have ground should therefore plant flax-seed poultices in the spring, and be prepared for Jack Frost when he next arrives.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has taken to the banjo as a means of amusement, and Russia is pushing her war preparations with renewed activity.

PUCK ON THE SEASON.



OUR journals often present their readers with deep-brained editorials on the various seasons. "Now," they say: "the hot days of Summer are upon us;" "Now Winter, with frosty beard, may soon be expected in the land;" "Now we are afloat on the gorgeous sea of Autumn;" and "Now it is Spring-time, the only merry ring-time." But these are not things which PUCK can say, for, like Shakspeare, PUCK belongs to the world. Shakspeare did not narrow himself to exclaim: "What a piece of work is the inhabitant of New Jersey!" The inhabitant of New Jersey is undoubtedly a what piece of work, but the poet did not go into such detail; and, in the same way, PUCK can not go into the detail of mentioning "Hot Julys," "Proud-pied Aprils" and "Ragged Winters." "Is it then not right for other papers to mention these things?" you ask, in a spirit of captiousness. Of course it is. It is the solemn duty of other papers. "Then why is n't it right for PUCK?" We will tell you.

Suppose even the extreme case in which for a month the thermometers of the United States, England, Russia and China register twenty below zero; would PUCK then be justified in alluding to the "late cold snap?" No; because it would be of only local interest, and about a million of PUCK's readers in the Southern hemisphere, reading their PUCKS with a coolie to fan them, would look upon the remark as unreasonable. Conversely, if our Northern thermometers should remain at a hundred above for a month, PUCK would not trifle with warnings against sunstroke; because these same Southern hemisphere readers, reading their PUCKS around a red-hot stove, and burning their shoes off to keep their feet from freezing, would be filled with such feelings of envy as no generous journal would for a moment think of engendering.

But if PUCK has admirers in all parts of the world, it is because he is able to minister to the needs of all; and here is his editorial on the season, calculated for all latitudes—from that where the Arctic explorers are in training for dime museums and drawing-rooms, to that where the Brazilian slave ambles through the diamond-fields to the lascivious pleatings of a cat-o'-nine-tails.

How lovely is nature at this season! The hawthorn is blooming in the lane; ripe nuts are dropping gently in the wood, and the eucalyptus casts its tufted shadow across the snow.

That time of year the reader doth behold,
When yellow leaves and springing buds do hang
Upon the boughs that burn against the cold;
Bare, verdant quires where now the birds once sang.

It is a noble time; and as we go out into the keen, frosty air, filled with the scents of reviving nature, the inspiration of the season is breathed upon us, and we feel inclined to long walks through shady by-ways, to loiterings by spring and pool, to a contemplation of earth's decay. We feel that we could take part with almost the eagerness of boyhood, in the sleighing-parties and strawberry festivals, the arbutus

A QUESTION PRACTICALLY ANSWERED.



DOYLE (reading).—Phwhat 's a cattypult, Kelly? I see they do be havin'—!

searches and husking-bees peculiar to these halcyon days of the sere and yellow leaf.

The schools have just begun; it is now vacation, and, as the youngster chases a chipmunk along the fence, or falls through a hole in the ice, the lessons are insensibly forgot, and, yielding to the drowsy mid-summer hum coming through the open window, he sleeps and dreams of fields of perpetual play. It is now that the farmer digs and plants that the sleigh bells jingle merrily on the open car, familiar harbinger of bourgeoned forth upon the rails. off, having just come on, and sold in the market, under the title buckwheat-cakes and radishes, watermelons, are vying with each on the altar of good cheer.

What opportunities offer the long winter evenings now for reading and self-improvement! The fire roars merrily up the chimney, the frost gathers thick on the pane; while outside springs up a little breeze, and brings the scents of nodding flowers to the lovers on the shadowy piazza. O, lovely winter fireside! O, grow as rich and famous as the old fireside in winter shall leaving our best happiness, not as many eyes as may turn to admiration, we shall still long where the scented air swept one pair of eyes were turned.

O, Winter, Autumn, Summer, Spring, thou art indeed a beloved season, and with grateful hearts we welcome thee, however far thou art carrying us from the sweet past. Thou bringest pain, but a balm, too. Regarding thy tranquil face, the poets feign that in thy eternal youthfulness thou wouldst gloat over mortality, but in truth, thou rejoicest in thy youth while we live.

And now it is the matron Summer, the saddest of the year, when enters hoary Winter, his head garlanded with wreaths of new-sprung flowers. Strange, but it is always the little marks of a season, like the little glances and trivial words of a friend, by which is most pleasantly touched the sense of recognition. So Shakspeare was pleased to note the homelier marks of Winter and of Spring, and humbly, since the task falls on him, PUCK will note the little marks of the season now with us.



When daisies white are Nature's flowers,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And blood is cooled with bock and sours,
And o'er the corn the crows do caw;
When Autumn makes his painting "rep,"
And ashes safer make the step;
"M—m,"
"M—m," Mosquito hums,
While Marian dons her thickest gums.

WILLISTON FISH.

ASKING A GOOD DEAL.

THE QUEEN.—Albert, dear, I fain would hear thee play upon the banjo.

THE PRINCE.—What shall I play, mother—"We'll Get There By and By?"

THE QUEEN.—No, Albert; play "God Save the Queen."

MASON BEY is now the only American in the Egyptian service, and he is watching for the time when the Grand Vizier, or Sublime Sassanach will leave his latch-key in the door, to escape.

STANLEY HOPES to conciliate the captors of Emin Bey, with very little trouble. He took along a copy of David Dudley Field's code to read to them, and if the first trial does not frighten them, he will send all their names to the "Mrs. Grundy" column of a New York daily.

GOVERNOR BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, begins his administration by calling himself "His Excellency, the Governor." Pennsylvanians believe that a man can't have too much self-respect.

ROVER, THE Princess of Wales's pet collie, died the other day, and dark rumors are afloat implicating that royal banjo. Even dogs kick at long-continued abuse.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN threatens to write a history of his life. We have money which says that the English language will knock him out in the first four chapters.

A STRIKING EVOLUTION.



THE following advertisement appeared in the New York *Daily Striker* on a certain morning in 1987:

I will accept a few days employment in the freight-handling line, if terms and associates are satisfactory. None but presidents of railroads need apply.

JAMES SHEEHY, 5726 $\frac{3}{8}$ Third Avenue.

Many were the pairs of eyes that eagerly scanned this notice, and at as early an hour as decency and the distance would permit, Mr. Sheehy's shanty was besieged by a large though quiet and well-dressed crowd of men.

As it happened, however, Mr. Sheehy was not yet up, and the portal of his dwelling did not open to admit applicants for some time after the crowd had begun to gather. Finally, the door was thrown open, and a red-haired urchin with bare feet and ragged clothes, tumbled out and shouted to the throng:

"Dad sez yer ter go in wan at a time."

Then the crowd began to surge toward the door. Each one as he entered took off his hat respectfully, and then the door was closed until his interview being finished, another was admitted. So one by one they came and departed, and for each the ordeal was the same. Mr. Sheehy, seated on an empty soap-box, with his coat off and a clay pipe in his mouth, interrogated as follows, while the applicant stood before him, hat in hand:

"What iz yer name and occoopaytion?"

"William J. Goulbilt, President of the New York and Alaska Grand Trunk Railway."

"How many men d'yer emply in all yer branches?"

"About sixty thousand."

"Air they all Union men?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Have ye inny references?"

"Yes, sir. Billy McSheeny, Shanty-town-on-Hudson; Lorenzo D'Ista, 4796 Mott St.; William Vogt, 6792 Third Avenue. I can furnish a great many more if required."

"That will do. Oi'll report yer case ter the Ward Buery of Em-ploymint of the Knoights av Labor fer repoort."

Mr. Sheehy indulged himself in thus interviewing each of the applicants, and when the last had gone, he carefully dressed himself, and repaired to the Ward Bureau aforesaid, to present for a report the few names he could remember out of the many that had been given him.

The building in which the Ward Bureau was located was a magnificent edifice, being one of many similar ones devoted to the same business throughout the city. Lack of space forbids a detailed description of this superb structure, but suffice it to say that it far surpassed the old Mills or Potter or Equitable buildings down-town, now tottering to decay, which in their day in the last century were counted as fine examples of architecture. But as Mr. Sheehy entered the palatial entrance hall of the Ward Bureau, his manner underwent a startling change. No longer was he the bold, uncompromising man who had interviewed the railroad presidents, but instead, a crouching, shuffling, humble individual who walked nervously up to a man behind a cashier's window, who, after receiving from Mr. Sheehy a five-dollar gold piece, and testing its quality by ringing it upon the glass slab in front of him, said:

"Now you may speak."

Mr. Sheehy stated that he would like to receive the direction of the Union on the subject of accepting employment. Thereupon he was

conducted to an inner office, where, reclining upon a satin couch, and arrayed in a costly dressing-gown, lay the Secretary of the Ward of the Employment Bureau of the Knights of Labor, smoking a delicious cigar, and between the puffs sipping claret from a cup of costly cut glass. The Secretary's eyes were resting on the pages of the latest French novel, and, as Mr. Sheehy approached, without turning from his book, he lazily extended one snowy hand with palm downward, which Mr. Sheehy, after first dropping on one knee, reverently kissed. Then, with subdued and deferential voice, he stated his case to the Secretary, who, meanwhile, never raised his eyes from his book.

At the conclusion of his statement, the man who had conducted him to the Secretary stepped forward and held out to Mr. Sheehy a silver contribution box, into which that gentleman dropped another gold coin, this time an "eagle." Some minutes elapsed, when at last the Secretary said languidly, turning over a page of his book:

"Mustapha, has the fellow paid?"

"He has, my lord," replied the attendant. Then presently the Secretary said again:

"Let the fellow go. He may work for the New York and Grand Trunk line, two hours a day, at ten dollars an hour. He may keep two per cent. of his earnings, the balance to be turned over to the Bureau for the aid of those on strike. I have several friends that don't want to work this year. And, by the way, tell him to handle nothing but pig

iron; these railroad men are getting a little uppish, and we must show them who controls this thing."

Sheehy departed after heavily tipping Mustapha, and the next day presented himself at the freight depot of the Grand Trunk line in this city, where he was received in person by the president, who also tendered him and several others an excellent little dinner, with wine, after which Mr. Sheehy put in his two hours of work.

This state of things continued for some days, when Sheehy, becoming tired, went on a spree, and for several months was supported in luxurious idleness by the contributions of his more industrious fellow laborers.

Punch LOST ITS wits about thirty years ago.

AFTER ALL, it would n't be such an easy

matter for England to get away with our navy. It is so small that it could easily escape unnoticed.

REUBEN MILLER, of Pittsburgh, bought a canary bird at a church fair for five hundred dollars. It must gratify him to know that he has secured a companion to whom he can look for common sense.

OUR E. C., THE *Sun*, is continually publishing accounts of long-lived people. Because it is the fate of a great many persons to live for a hundred or more years and accomplish nothing, why should the *Sun* persist in showing them up before the world when they are about to die happy?

He's fought in full many a battle,
Been covered with glory and gore;
He loved the artillery's rattle,
Won medals of gold by the score.

He's been sung as a battle-scarred hero
Who rejoiced in the cannon's sound;
But his martial soul sinks to zero
Whenever his wife's around.

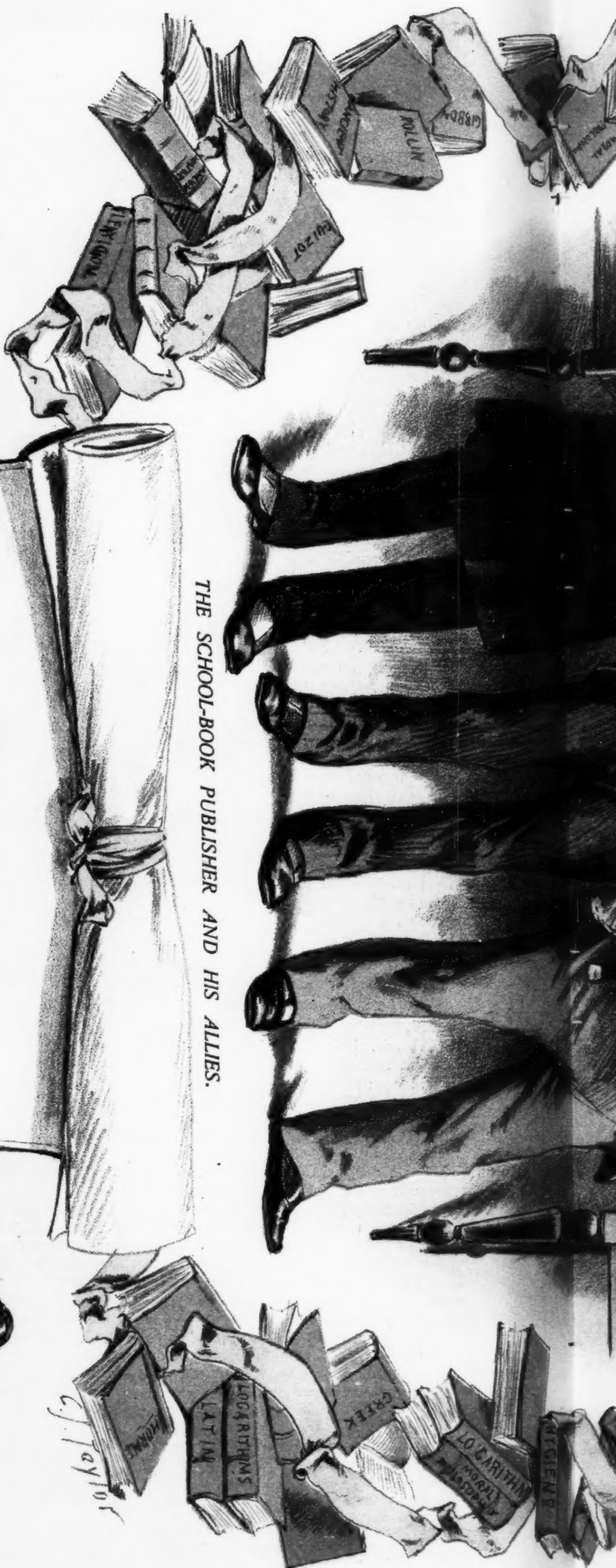


TIME TO LEAVE.



"Why, I can remember the time," said the old man: "when New York, above Canal Street, was nothing but open country, when—

—hi! what's the matter?—where're you boys going to?"



THE SCHOOL-BOOK PUBLISHER AND HIS ALLIES.



"Now is the time for real work—go home and study your Greek and Latin."

"Now, young woman, you've got to hurry up and work hard if you want to get your Diploma. Run through these text-books."

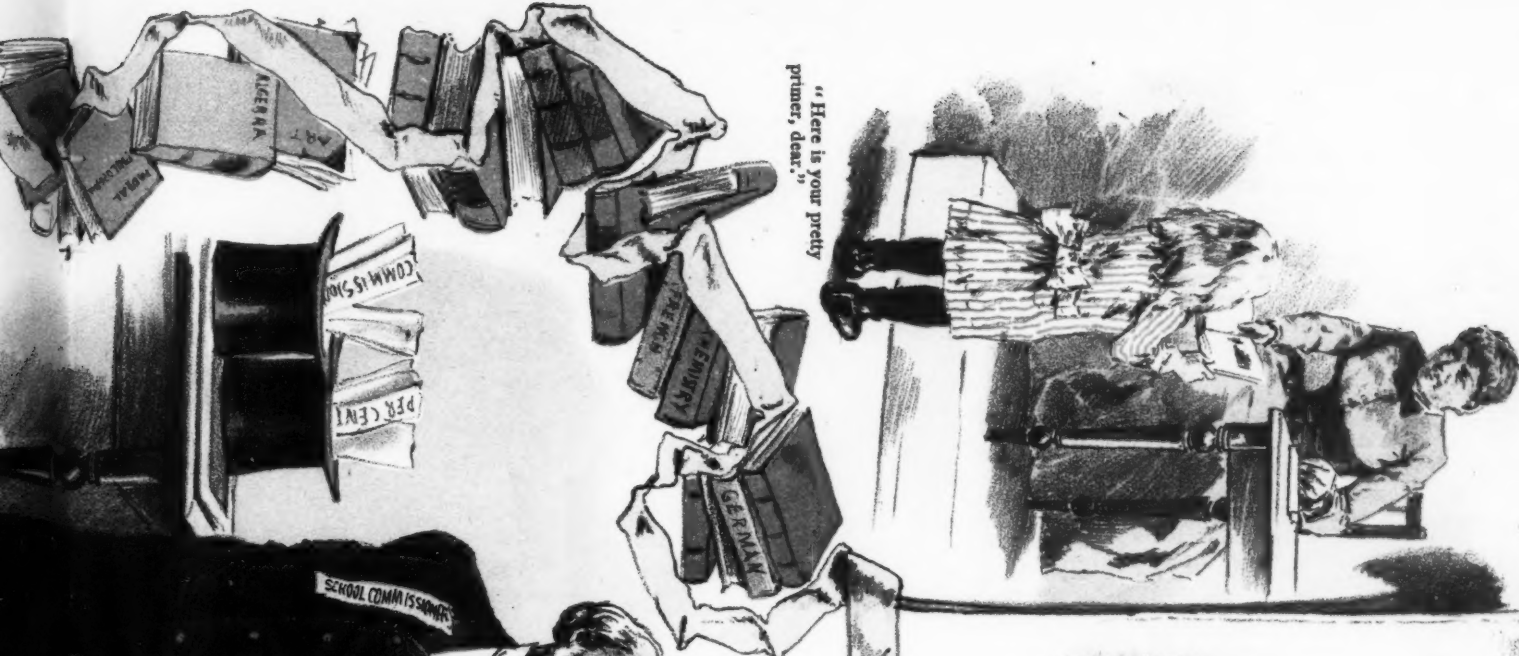
"Here, mama; here is my Diploma. But my head aches all the time, and I can't sleep." [Her Education is "Finished," and the Doctor's work begins.]

THE FORCING PROCESS IN OUR SCHOOLS — ONE OF THE RESULTS OF AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

"Here is your pretty primer, dear."

"Now we must begin on our Arithmetic and Grammar."

"This year you must take Algebra and Philosophy with your other studies."



LIARS.

II.



WELL, now, some o' these gentlemen may be incre-julius 'bout that," said the not-conversationally-gifted Ike Stump, of brindle hair and stubbly whiskers; "but such cases are frequenter, I suppose, 'n they 'magine."

Mr. Stump gave this tribute of respect to old Larkins's story, and fidgeting further forward on his seat, in a sort of convulsive embarrassment at having called attention to himself, continued with flattering sequence: "But speakin' o' liars, I s'pose I useter know a liar by the name o' Henshaw, that could—hi hi—outlie any man 't I ever—hi hi—knowed. E gosh."

When Mr. Stump got after a fugitive and elusive word, he got after it with all the accumulated intelligence of ages of evolution, leaving himself, for the time being, a sort of ape who gave

utterance to inarticulate noises and strange simian chuckles.

"It was when I was workin' for Lev Barney's uncle Pim, down in Yorxtate, hi gosh, an' one day we was all a-settin' 'roun' in Prindleses's store at Hartlan' Corners, an' we got to talkin' 'bout one thing 'n 'nuther till fin'ly we got to talkin' 'bout damp housen, 'n some feller says that you onct get a house damp in the platern, says he, an' all—hi hi—can't dry her out. 'You take a new house,' says he: 'an' you move inter it, an' you build up the gosh-dangest fires in every room, an' keep um bilin' day an' night, an' it don't make no difference—you kin keep ev'ry door an' winder shut—an' that house 'll stay jus' so damp.'"

"That's the way of it," here commented Mr. Stump, in nervous argument: "you can't explain nothin' 'bout it, but that's the way of it."

"Hi gosh. We was kinder talkin' 'roun' 'bout this, an'—hi hi—speculatin', an' old Henshaw says nothin'—jus' sot there like a lunk on a log—till, fin'ly, he sorter raises up an' says: 'Gentlemen, I uster have a house that were middlin' damp.'"

"Well," says Lev Barney's Uncle Pim: "if the dampness were in the platern, it stayed there. Ain't that so?" Uncle Pim says.

"Hi gosh. An' old Henshaw he kinder draws out: 'I don't know,' he draws out: 'whether the dampness were in the platern or the foundation, or the—hi hi—what-not,' he says: 'I only know I cured it.' Course all the fellers was layin' to get old Henshaw to lyin', an' Uncle Pim give um the wink, an' they jus' sot back to listen."

"Hi gosh. An', says Henshaw: 'the house was on the Hudson. It was a—hi hi—'viller,' says he. Said he'd bought it, an' was jus' goin' to hist his things into it for the summer. All the fellers knewed that Henshaw hed al'us been 's poor 's bean-land, but they said nothin'. 'I moved into the house,' says Henshaw: 'an' it were middlin' damp. There was only twelve or fourteen rooms an' two or three—hi hi—veg-tibulls an' half-a-dozen kitchens't he could use at all,' he says. His wife, she complained, an' Hamilton Fish an' Stanton, who was stayin' with him 't the time, they left, an' his noble—retinoo o' servants an' hired girls died off, an' nothin' he could do would stop the dampness. Still he kep' a-livin' on there, he says: 'I was younger, then,' he says: 'an' I had an idea I must have a viller like the rest o' my friends. I was boun' to keep her goin' spite o' all get out,' he says."

"An' sezee: 'I did keep her goin'. I sent for new guests an' new retinoo o' servants, an' ev'ry train that'd come thunderin' up the Hudson,' he says: 'd have a special palace-car full o' senators an' gentlemen comin' to visit him, an' three common cars full o' new servants an' hired-girls; but 'twan't no use,'

LOWER BROADWAY IN THE FUTURE.



STRANGER.—Is this the Battery Park?

POLICEMAN.—Yis, sor, but yez can't go inside now.

STRANGER.—Why not?

POLICEMAN.—Sure, Misther Field do be tekin' his exerschise bechune tin an' elevin, an' he don't loike intrusion.

he says: 'the visitors'd leave an' the servants'd die, an' so it ent on. But the house cost him 'bout a close million,' he says: 'an' he was attached to it. I kep' to work, tryin' to fix her up, an' spent 'bout three times what the thing cost me, tryin' to get her dry. Hi gosh. But fin'ly,' says old Henshaw, 'when I'd spent more 'n a thousan' dollars, an' the house were still damp, I got my dander up.' Said he 'sot his foot down an' said that house had to be dry—make no dif'rence.'"

"Hi gosh. An' says Henshaw: 'I thought it over, an' I thought it over, an' he had n't thought more 'n a minute,' he says: 'before he'd thought a way to do the job. I told my wife,' says he: 'to go to New York an' see Mills, who was his real estate agent. I told her,' says he: 'to find what housen I had on Fifth Avenoo an' 'roun' there, an' to live in the one that suited her best. She see I looked mighty cool,' says Henshaw: 'What you goin' to do?' she says: 'Hi gosh!' says he: 'I'm goin' to dry the viller.' 'If you're goin' to rip off the platern,' his wife says: 'I want to pack up my things; my jewels, my silks, my satins,' says she. 'None o' 'em,' says Henshaw, says he: 'you pack up nothin' but a wash-day velvet,' he says: 'an' get. Come back to-morrow,' he says to her, an' the house 'll be dry.' Hi gosh! 'An' sure enough,' he says: 'when she come back the next day, the house were dry. It took me jus' one day, gentlemen,' he says: 'to dry the dampest house you ever see.'"

"Hi gosh! Some of us was goin' to speak up, but Uncle Pim, he tipped us the wink, an' says, says he: 'Would you mind tellin' us, Mr. Henshaw, how you done it?'"

"No, I would n't mind,' says Henshaw: 'It was jus' a way I'd thought up, an' I did n't patent it. I jus' put a torch into it an' burnt it to the groun'.'"

"Hi gosh! But that wan't all o' old Henshaw's lyin', for afterward he says: 'I b'lieve now 't I was a little rash. For when my wife come back, she says that Mills had n't a single blame one o' my housen left on Fifth Avenoo. Not a solitary house—all sold to put up on wheat, an' I had forgotten,' he says: 'all about it.' Hi gosh! 'So, for the present,' he says: 'I am here at Hartlan' Corners.'"

"Pt-tu," remarked old Larkins.

WILLISTON FISH.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.



MRS. ROLEPOLE (who is sensitive as to her embonpoint).—Won't you take a spin with Jack and me, Major? There's plenty of room.

MAJOR LONGDRAW (appreciatively).—I know I'm rather thin, Mrs. Rolepole, but I assure you it is hardly pleasant to be so forcibly reminded of it.

OF THE EARTH, EARTHY.



BOB.—I wish I was one of those cherubim with wings.
MAMA.—So that you could fly around Heaven?
BOB.—Not much! So that I could fly up to that top shelf and hook the cake.

A CORRECTION.

GAITHERSBURG, Md., Jan. 31st, 1887.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:
In PUCK of January 26th, 1887, you copy from the Washington *Critic* as follows:

Coon has a bushy tail,
Possum's tail am bar,
Rabbit has no tail at all
But a little bunch of ha'r.

If you will allow me (who have often heard the darkeys sing it) to correct the *Critic*, it should read:

Raccoon he got ring on he tail,
Possum tail he bare,
Rabbit got no tail at all,
Git up bob-tail hare.

Respectfully,

H. C. MILLER.

SOUTHERN OUTRAGES.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have just returned from a visit to nearly all the counties in Virginia, and all doubts that I ever entertained as to the truth of the outrage stories in certain Northern papers have vanished. As proofs of the sectional hatred, dishonest elections and disloyalty of Virginia and the South generally, I offer the following facts:

The southwestern part of Virginia has within the last few years developed great mineral resources, and is now putting iron and coal on the market at prices that must eventually injure, if not break up Pennsylvania's chief industries. This outrageous course is all the more reprehensible since the miners and rolling-mill hands are better paid in Virginia than in Pennsylvania. And, yet, if we in the North dare say a word about the South's disloyalty and ingratitude, we are accused of "waving the bloody shirt."

Here is a sample of Southern prejudice which should fire the Northern heart. A year ago a New York lawyer came to Alexandria to establish himself. He is a Republican, and, being the only Republican lawyer in the town, was put up for commonwealth's attorney. He was defeated by one thousand majority in a total vote of three thousand. It is true that the usual Democratic majority is twelve hundred; but if Virginians were loyal citizens and grateful to the people who spared them after the war, they

would have put the Northern lawyer in office without a dissenting voice.

The negro is practically disfranchised. He is allowed to go to the polls peacefully; but he gets no encouragement to do so, as the Democratic rebels are in the majority everywhere. My blood boiled with indignation when I saw the poor down-trodden negroes stay at home on election day, because they were in the minority.

To show how outrageously Northern settlers are treated in Virginia, I will mention one case, which came under my own observation.

A New Jersey farmer bought land, and settled near Danville. He was just beginning to feel at home, when, one morning, a mob came along and hung him to a tree. I saw his dead body hanging there, and, oh, how my heart swelled with indignation at the outrage! How I longed to place myself at the head of my old regiment, march into this barbarous region, and avenge the dead man! It is true that the New Jersey farmer had split his wife's head open with an axe; but he was a Northern man, and his treatment by the barbarous Virginians was outrageously discourteous.

W. H. S.

NOW THAT the dealers have broken the backbone of the coal strike, will they please break the back-bone of the price?

SAM JONES is at it again. He announces his intention of reforming Philadelphia, and has taken to eating opium so as to get himself *en rapport* with his audiences.

WE HAVE no desire to reflect in any way upon the late General Hazen, but it should be remembered that he caught his cold from some of his own weather.

THE NEW YORK papers continue to kindly call the attention of foreign powers to our defenceless coasts. Not that they care a snap about the coasts, but simply to persuade the Government to spend a hundred million dollars in and around New York.—*Philadelphia Call*. Wisdom is so thick over in Philadelphia, that one can cut it with a knife, like scrapple.

AT WASHINGTON balls the city directory is well represented.

HENRY WATTERSON asks in the *Courier-Journal*: "Have they got us again?" Possibly, you've got them again.

DUFFY EXPERIENCES keen remorse that he should have been bought, but he continues to stay bought.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES takes life easy now, and never gets up until "the cock hath twice done salutation to the morn."

THERE HAS been so much cold weather this winter, that we won't notice it as much as usual when April comes.

LAW SCHOOLS are soon to institute a special course of study for students who contemplate making the practice of baseball litigation a specialty.

Harper's Bazar has a poem written by "Billy Patterson." Will the gentleman who struck Billy Patterson please hit him again?

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS

"Illustrated Tableaux for Amateurs," by Martha Coles Weld, has just reached us. These tableaux fill two neat little books, and when we finished the second, we wished we had a couple more. Both books are daintily illustrated by Susan M. Barstow, who has succeeded admirably in catching the spirit of the text. These tableaux are as indispensable to the amateur as salary and a return ticket are to the professional. Harold Roorbach is the publisher, and 9 Murray Street is the spot where his shingle swings.

Good Cheer is so wealthy that it has just issued a furnished circular telling us how good-cheerful it is going to be during the present year. A. H. Seaverns has just been secured at fabulous expense to run the art department, while Mrs. Clark still remains at the editorial helm. This means that *Good Cheer* will continue to be the biggest fifty-cent-per annum-attraction on earth.

"Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor," edited by General T. B. Rodenbough, tells why this medal has been given to various privates and non-commissioned officers during the last fifteen years. The men who get this sort of recognition from our Government earn it at the risk of their lives. They are heroes and not writers, but the stories of their heroism wake the reader up, and he feels brave, too, as long as there is n't any danger around. These men have done things pluckier and more thrilling than many which have become classic in history, and the usual notice given them has been a newspaper stickful. We take off our hat to these heroes of the Rebellion and of Indian warfare, and we are glad that some general recognition is assured them by this book. It is good reading for men as well as boys. The publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"From Pole to Pole" is a story of voyage, wreck, and fights with savages, written for boys, by Gordon Staples, and published by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Co. The same firm publish "A Budget of Letters from Japan," relating the personal experiences and impressions of Mr. Arthur Maclay, who spent some time in Japan as a teacher. The boy who does n't like to fish, hunt, ride, swim or camp out, should get him to a nunnery. He would be harmless there. But most boys do like outdoor life, and the "Boys' Book of Sports" tells them all about it. The book is edited by Mr. Maurice Thompson, published by the Century Co., and it is wholesome, practical, and worth having.

THE HABILIMENTS OF OFFICE.



"Shure yez 'r not go'n' gunning this soine Sunday mornin', Denny?"
"I'm not. It's to Saint Stephens Choorch. I do be a oosher doon there."

AFTER the baby came, how changed the place!
The old home brightened with a newer grace;
The roses grew more thickly round the door,
And softer were the sunbeams on the floor;
Full sweeter was the song of every bird
From that glad day his little voice was heard
Crowing and cooing in such queer delight—
But there was more walking done at night,
After the baby came.

After the baby came it seemed as though
Earth could not be so full of grief and woe,
That all the gates of happiness and bliss
Were opened to us through that baby's kiss.
Master was he of wondrous tricks and arts,
By which he won his way into our hearts,
From that first hour was heard his feeble wail—
Yet how I barked my shins at midnight pale,
After the baby came!

—Harper's Bazar.

Commercial Value of Quality.

It is pleasant always, and a gratifying confirmation of the faith of those who believe that good work pays in the long run, to see an honest and solid article of goods holding the market and largely increasing its sales directly along side of scores of similar patterns which have little to recommend them but cheapness, and which rely solely upon that cheapness for the attraction of customers. One of the most conspicuous examples of this is the steady and increasing success of legitimate life insurance, sold at a price low in fact but high in comparison with the price of the imitation article, which is sold cheap because the goods may never be delivered; and of this there is no more conspicuous example than the astonishing success of THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, during the year just closed.

THE TRAVELERS is of course best known to the public for its accident specialty, in which it far surpasses every other company in the world, both in volume of insurance and in the amount paid for claims; and it is sufficient to say of this branch that despite gigantic strikes and lock-outs which have destroyed the earning power of many thousands of workmen for months, and made the retention of their policies impossible, and despite the immense multiplication of competitors both regular and wild-cat, THE TRAVELERS has held its own in the field as a whole, and has made gratifying gains among the classes whose risks are the most desirable and for whom competition is fiercest. It insured 107,259 persons in 1886, and paid claims on over one-seventh of them, amounting to over \$888,000, bringing the total of payments in this department up to over \$9,000,000.

But THE TRAVELERS is one of the best and soundest of life-insurance companies, and during the past year has taken a sudden leap in business, which has placed it among the foremost in actual volume of new insurance written. But this development was not the result of chance, but of a superior article added to the most careful and intelligent preparation. The policy itself, issued on January 1, was a model of liberality and equity; and the actual new business written under it for 1886 was \$8,420,553,—a splendid total, almost exactly 50 per cent. greater than that of the year before, and leaving in force \$4,365,494 more insurance than at the end of 1885. Over \$428,000 were returned to life policy-holders during the year, making the total payments of the company for the year over \$1,316,000,—the largest total of any year since organization.

The assets of the company have increased during the year by nearly \$700,000, making the handsome total of \$9,111,589.68, of which \$2,129,165.88 is surplus to policy-holders. As these figures represent security to those insured as well as profit to the company,—the re-insurance reserves alone amounting to over \$6,725,000,—the public will share the gratification of the company at this encouraging statement.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

64 pages, Puck size. 25 cents per copy.

OMAHAHAS.

OMAHA MAN.—Doctor, is there any cure for insomnia?

OMAHA DOCTOR.—Oh, yes! I have treated hundreds of cases successfully.

"I am greatly relieved to hear that. Please call at my house this evening."

"Can't you wait, now? I'll fix you up in a moment."

"Oh, it is n't I; it's the baby—"

"Humph! Well, I'll call a consultation."

OMAHA GENT.—I see you received my note, Miss Standish.

MISS STANDISH.—Yes; but I do wish you would learn to spell my name right.

"Surely, I could have made no mistake."

"Indeed, you did. We spell our name now S-t-a-n-d-i-s-c-h-e."

"Great Washington! How came your father to adopt such an outlandish spelling?"

"Well, you see, he is an artist, and wants to make a living."

OMAHA SINNER.—How do you like your new minister?

OMAHA SAINT.—Don't like him at all. He is not cut out for a preacher; he ought to have been a business man.

"That's a fault, is it?"

"Yes, sir; he has entirely too much business ability. Last Sunday he preached a roaring sermon on hypocrites, and at the close invited all hypocrites in the congregation to stand up. Of course, no one arose."

"I suppose not; but what of that?"

"Why, then, he followed up his advantage by passing the contribution-box."

MRS. PARISHIONER.—Is it possible! And so your wife is a deaf mute?

AMERICAN MINISTER.—Yes, she was born so.

"How terribly she must feel the affliction?"

"On the contrary, she is the happiest minister's wife in the country."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, she never hears a word that the congregation say about her."—*Omaha World.*



BISMARCK.—"Hello! Hello! there. Give me James R. Pitcher, 320 Broadway, New York. I have dissolved the Reichstag. Send me a United States (Mutual Accident) policy in its place. Germany must be protected!"

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1887

IS NOW READY.

IN ITS MAKE-UP it differs from its predecessors; it is a SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK of the size of THE WEEKLY PUCK.

THE CONTENTS, Illustrations (200) and Letter-press, are strictly original and of unusual artistic and literary merit.

PUCK'S ANNUAL is 25 cents per copy. Of all News-dealers. By mail from the Publishers to all parts of the Globe, 30 cents.

Address: KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK.



TOO EVIDENT.

196

MISTRESS.—Maggie, bring me a little Sapolio and clean off this spot on the wall.
MAGGIE.—Yes'm. (aside). I know what brought it there—that curly-headed beau of hers.



FRED: BROWN'S
-- GINGER --

WILL SERVE
FAR BETTER THAN
MUSTARD IN A
FOOT-BATH.

SEE THAT YOU GET
FRED: BROWN'S.



PACHTMANN & MOELICH

JEWELERS, 363 Canal Street, N. Y.
TAKE PLEASURE IN CALLING ATTENTION
TO ANOTHER LARGE REDUCTION IN PRICE
OF AMERICAN WATCHES.

A cut of \$10 on the Finer Grades makes them
the Cheapest Watch in the world, Compared by
Time-Keeping Qualities.

Prices in Silver, \$30 to \$40; 14k. Gold, \$75 to
\$100, all Stem-Winders.

Another New Popular Stem-Winder is Gold
Filled at \$20. Warranted to wear Twenty Years.
For appearance and reliability is equal to any \$50
watch made.

A large line of Watches from \$5 upwards.



A KENTUCKIAN who had a claim against a
railroad in that State for four hundred dollars
for damages in a smash-up, was recently visited
by one of the company's lawyers, who inquired:

"What sort of injury did you sustain?"

"Nervous injury, sir."

"To what extent?"

"To such an extent that my old shot-gun now
wobbles about so much that no longer ago than
yesterday I shot at a rabbit and knocked over
the best coon-dog in all Kentucky. I've riz on
my claim to seven hundred dollars, and I'm
goin' to push it until somebody hollers for
mercy."—*Wall St. News.*

BUMMER.—I've paid a great deal of atten-
tion to mind-reading. As an experiment—

SHARP OLD GENTLEMAN.—I'm something of
a mind-reader myself. Your intention is to
strike me for a quarter, but you won't succeed.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Your husband is in the legislature, isn't
he?" was asked of a Cleveland plumber's wife.

"Yes, sir."

"He will probably introduce a bill or two?"

"He probably will—that is, if any of the
water-pipes burst—and give him a chance to
make one."—*Wall St. News.*

"What a beautiful vase!" exclaimed the visit-
or at Mrs. Parvenu's.

"Yes," said that good woman: "Yes, I guess
it is; it cost two hundred and seventy-five dollars
on the monthly instalment plan—the way we
bought it."—*New York Mail and Express.*

WIFE (enjoying her dinner).—What can be
more delicious than a nice canvas-back?

HUSBAND.—A greenback, my dear, a grene-
back.—*The Rambler.*

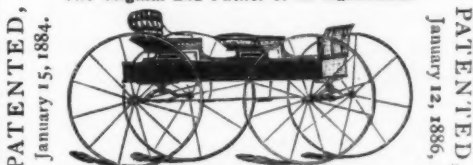
A CHICAGO contemporary has learned that a
man has discovered that the buckwheat-cake,
like the human heart, once cold, can never be
itself again.—*Springfield Union.*

A GOOD healthy mince-pie for supper is
cheaper than going to the menagerie, and you
know all about the animals just the same, par-
ticularly when you awake in the middle of the
night to shake the baby hippopotamus off your
chest.—*Fall River Advocate.*

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 723

THE NEW PERFECTED RUNABOUT.

The Original and Father of all Runabouts.



For four passengers. The best general Business Wagon now in
use. Weighs 300 lbs.; capacity 800 lbs.; hangs very low; rides
as easy as a buggy, and can be used for family or business pur-
poses. Over 4,000 now in use, and giving the best satisfaction.
Guaranteed to be first-class in every respect. Prices and Cata-
logue Free to those who mention this paper.

H. A. MOYER, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Subscription-Price of PUCK is
FOUR DOLLARS PER YEAR.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

A. WEIDMANN.

No. 306 Broadway, Corner Duane Street, New York.

Importer and Manufacturer of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and
other Material for Costumes, etc.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 119 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 922 Market St.

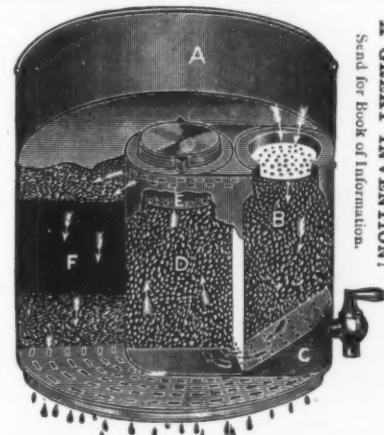
ESTABLISHED 1801.



Barry's
Tricopherous
FOR
THE HAIR.

This excellent article is ad-
mitted to be the standard pre-
parations for all purposes con-
nected with the hair. It prevents
its falling off, eradicates scurf,
dandruff, &c., and keeps it in the most beautiful condition. Its
habitual use renders the use of oil, pomatum or any other prepa-
ration quite superfluous. It is richly perfumed with the most de-
licious floral fragrance, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow
on bald places.

Jewett's New Water Filter.



A GREAT INVENTION!
Send for Book of Information.

The John C. Jewett Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

TOBOGGANING.

Agents for the celebrated

PROCTOR TOBOGGAN.

STRONGEST, MOST DURABLE & SWIFTEST.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

New York Bicycle Co., 38 Park Place.



PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing
the hair, restoring color when
gray, and preventing dandruff.
It cleanses the scalp, stops the
hair falling, and is sure to please.
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c.
Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails
to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

FOR A 2 CENT STAMP.



We will send a trial sample of Williams' Barbers' Soap.

A sure cure for Chapped Hands.

Though a "Shaving Soap," it is unequalled for the Toilet. For
sale by all druggists.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEE" and
other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

A HARD-UP looking man who had accosted a citizen on Canal Street for ten cents, was answered with:

"See here, did n't you hit me for a dime only three days ago?"

"I believe I did, sir, but do the very best I can, I can't keep my expenses down to less than three and one-third cents per day. Your dime is all gone."—*Wall St. News.*

A COURT decision—"Yes, 'Dolphy, I'll be your wife."—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*

THE circus season will open in about two months, and the man who is annually eaten by the circus lion to advertise the show, has only about six more weeks to live.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MAN with a large family of daughters seldom keeps a dog.—*Boston Courier.*

I WAS SUFFERING ALL ALONG LAST WINTER with a severe cold, which had settled on my lungs. Doctors could n't do anything for me, but three bottles of Adamson's Cough Syrup has cured me.—Eugene Menoie, 302 East 104th St. Kinsman's, Cor. 25th St. and 4th Avenue.

DEAD silence in the parlor. Half lights. More silence. Dim lights. Increase of silence. Female voice speaks verbally, breaking quiet—"Oh, Jack; you have n't shaved to-day." More silence in the parlor, accompanied by gradually decreasing quiet in the sitting-room.—*R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A SCIENTIST asserts that it is impossible to force gas through glass. This is probably the reason why a man quits talking when he has a bottle to his lips.—*Newman Independent.*

Nice Hands! Good Complexion!
and Healthful Skin!

PEARS' SOAP.

"I have found PEAR'S SOAP, as recommended by Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, MATCHLESS for the Hands and Complexion."

Helen Patti.

FIELD & TIER.
LONDON.

THE TOILET:—ANTICIPATION AND REALIZATION!

PROF. FOREMUS ON**TOILET SOAPS:**

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

489

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in hand some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

**Arnold,
Constable & Co.**

SPRING STYLES.

**French and English
DRESS GOODS.**

PRINTED CHALLIES.

**Broadway & 19th St.
New York.**

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!

A package Mixed Flower seeds (500 kinds), with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for a stamp. Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Pannettburg, Pa. Be prompt. This offer appears but once more.

DEAFNESS

Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 51st St., New York City.

743

ESTABLISHED 1818
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
**PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.**
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR.)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street,
Cor. Prince Street, Cor. Broadway

A soft, sad stir is in the air,
Preluding gentle spring,
When base-ball umpires nest again
And hens begin to sing.

—Washington Hatchet.

OSCAR BALDWIN, who four years ago was sentenced to fifteen years in the State prison for embezzling two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the funds of the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, N. J., has been released on the ground that his imprisonment for more than five years was illegal. A man in New York was recently sent to jail for ten years for stealing seven-dollars-and-a-half. If it should be decided that more than five years of his sentence is not illegal, he will spend the remainder of his life in regretting that he did not embezzle two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—*Norristown Herald.*

A TYPE-RIGHTER—the proof-reader.—*Boston Transcript.*

Is not a dismissed policeman a fallen star?—*Alta California.*

AN American dentist is going to Africa to practice his profession. The heathen has ruined his teeth on tough missionaries, probably.—*Norristown Herald.*

Report from a Baltimore Druggist.
I have sold all of the best Cough Remedies for the last 15 years, and have found none to approximate the exceedingly large sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

W. L. KELLER, Cor. Penna. Ave. & Biddle St.

Patent Covers for Filing Puck.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them.

Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price, 75 cents.

By mail, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$1.00, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,
NEW YORK.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street.
Munsci Lajos and Prince
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

Nicoll
The Tailor.

Known throughout the States as the Leader of
Fashionable and Moderate Priced
CUSTOM TAILORING.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
WOOLENS.
ENDLESS VARIETY.

Suits to measure from \$20.
Overcoats " " 18.
Trousers " " 5.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules mailed on application.

145, 147, 149 Bowery,
and
771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.



BEAUTY
of
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COMPARABLE to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND MEDICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

**BAKER'S
BREAKFAST
COCOA**

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure.
Costing less than one cent a cup.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.

Handsome, Durable and Easily Adjusted (no Harness). Made to fit all Round, Square or Sloping Shoulders. The silk lacing avoids all straining on the shoulders or trousers. The most comfortable suspenders ever introduced. Carpenter's Automatic Lace Back-Brace, for sale by all first class dealers in Men's Furnishing Goods. Patented in England, France, Canada and the United States.

C. C. Carpenter, Patentee & Maker.

557 & 559 Broadway, N. Y.

DENTAL OFFICE OF
Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANAEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Scene in a Church.

There was a ludicrously sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous in a country church, when a clergyman, preaching on the miseries entailed by sin, suddenly exclaimed: "Thank God, I am not a sufferer; my miseries have all been healed; and what did it?" The change of tone started one of the deacons from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he cried out: "Tutt's Liver Pills." The deacon was right in his estimation of this celebrated medicine. They will certainly cure your "miseries," if they result from Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Chills, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Costive Bowels, Malaria or General Debility. Take the deacon's advice and try them.

Tutt's Liver Pills
REGULATES THE BOWELS,
44 Murray St., N. Y.

Mothers
 DON'T neglect the
 1st symptoms of a
Cold but use
Ferry Davis'
Pain Killer
 and prevent serious
 consequences.
Delay is
Dangerous
Pain Killer cures
Coughs, Colds,
Sore Throat,
Diphtheria,
Frost Bite and
Neuralgia.
Buy a bottle NOW
 All druggists sell it

IS THIS WHAT AILS YOU?



Geo. Stoddard
 Chemist and Druggist.

Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensation in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals, but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning, and a constant feeling of dread, as if something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms, send 36c. to GEO. N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., who will send you, post-paid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy directions which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (48) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

The Cincinnati Christian Standard says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers, and they all verify the good results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for eighteen years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

The Christian at Work, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention."

Be sure to mention PUCK.

173

"Married or not married—Who, pray, can tell?"
 Now doth soliloquize Spies in his cell.

Pardon us, August, but we'd like to know
 What difference it'll make to you down below?
 —Columbus Dispatch.

APROPOS of the strikes, have you heard the latest? An urchin approached a stylish dude on Park Row yesterday.

"Mister," he said: "there's another tie-up!"

"Don't say, sonny," observed the swell, who had visions of being compelled to walk up-town: "where is it?"

"On yer neck, mister," retorted the imp, edging off: "yer tie's way up over yer collar. Push it down, mister."

He narrowly escaped decapitation by the dude's elegant silver-headed cane.—New York Star.

CANADA will soon thirst for peace if she goes to war on codfish.—New Orleans Picayune.

It is beginning to be admitted that Prohibition is a failure in Rhode Island. Anything must be weak that can't be enforced upon a territory that you can cover with a postage stamp.—Alta California.

Claremont Colony in Virginia is growing very rapidly. Send for free circulars and illustrated maps. J. F. Mancha, Raymond, Surry Co., Va. 782

**CANCER**

CAN BE CURED!

Thousands bear testimony to the fact.
 Send stamp for pamphlet. Address:
 DR. L. D. & G. H. McMICHAEL,
 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. 175

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Ex. & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 1st Pearl St. N. Y.

**PILES.**

Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. KEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. 752

PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Streets,
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly Celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence. 709



Among those who testify to the merits of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, the Hon. Sam'l J. Randall, Cyrus W. Field, Jr., the Hon. James W. Husted, Charles D. Fredricks, Henry King, Manager Seaside Sanitarium, Gen'l John E. Mulford, George Augustus Sala, and Sisters of Charity, Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Beware of imitations. Ask for and insist on having ALLCOCK'S. 186



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People. Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "HOME SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE."

113 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD, Wm. Blackie, author of "How To Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other I liked half as well."

The Subscription-Price of PUCK is
FOUR DOLLARS PER YEAR.



DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR
 Forces heavy Mustache, Whiskers, or hair on bald heads in 30 to 60 days. Extra Strength. No other remedy. 2 or 3 Flasks do the work. We will prove it or refund \$100.00. Price per Flask, sealed and post-paid, 5 for 25 cts., sample or return. SMITH MFG. CO., FALMOUTH, ILL. 16

AMERICAN TYPE-WRITER EXCHANGE
 164 LaSalle St. Chicago. 178
 If you want to BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE, WRITE.

POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
 Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. In stamps, by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo. 174

AMERICA'S GREAT BREWERIES.

The Manufacture of Beer Becoming One of the Leading Industries.

Official Reports of the Sales of the Four Largest Breweries in America.

Our nation, though one of the youngest on the globe, is like a giant, and fast outstripping the older nations of Europe in every thing that tends to the growth of national wealth. The manufacture of Lager Beer has grown and developed from very small beginnings into an immense industry, and now bids fair to lead Europe in this branch, thus forcing the old renowned breweries of England and the continent from their proud positions, which they have maintained for centuries.

The following figures are taken from the official report of the Revenue Department:

	Annual Sales.	Stock on Hand '87.
Anheuser-Busch Brewery, St. Louis.....	379,287 Bbls.	98,936 Bbls.
Empire Brewery of Milwaukee, Phil. Best Brew. Co., Prop.	347,410 "	85,524 "
Jos. Schlitz Brewery, Milwaukee	319,835 "	70,077 "
Geo. Ehret, New York.....	311,337 "	52,741 "

The official figures show that ANHEUSER-BUSCH, of St. Louis, increased their sales 61,000 barrels against the preceding year, which is the largest increase of business ever made by a brewery, explained by the fact that this Company has built up a great export trade, American beer being now drank in the five parts of the world, successfully competing with European brands and constantly gaining ground. This fact alone speaks volumes for the superiority and excellence of ANHEUSER-BUSCH beer.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.
THE PINE FOREST at HOME.
 Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,
 from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhoea, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,
 which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room."
 —ANNIE THOMAS in "Eye of Blenden."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
 40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the
American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,
 (Limited.)

636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

THE WHITNEY WAGON WORKS,
 SYRACUSE, N. Y.
 Manufacturers of

FINE CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.



LITTLE GEM.
 The finest riding and best selling Buckboard in the market.
 Send for Catalogue and Price-lists.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢
 Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago



FACE, HANDS, FEET,
 and all their imperfections, including Facia Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Blemishes, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. **Dr. John H. Woodbury,** 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., Established 1870.



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

OFFICE:

PUCK BUILDING,

Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
 NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
 (United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$4.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.00
 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.00

Remit by P. O. Money Order, Postal Note, (payable at Station "A.") Draft, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter.

(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.25

83 INCL. POSTAGE. 68

It rained thrs week.
 Day be after Sunday to-morrow will.
 Our uoiuqunio is booming; we expect to reach the 900 mark this week.

We desire to express our thanks to neighbor Snugs for the beautiful plum he left on our desk last week. Do it again, neighbor!
 I have a fine stock of boots, shoes, fresh meats, groceries, drugs, hardware, dry-goods, etc.
 Call on Jezebel Trot before going elsewhere.

jan4nofxbzzy\$btnoz
 Eighth-assistant-deputy-sheriff Blocknoddle is in town to-day, shaking hands with his ynam friends.

Hand-painted slop-jars at Wormsley's. adv.
 Col. Striker has placed seven new shingles on the roof of his cow shed. The country needs more men like Col. Striker.

Owing to a fit of rheumatism we could not print the *Thunderbolt* as early last week as usual. We take this liumjoddo of apologizing to our readers.

Our little son, 9 YEARS old set thi\$ pari\$raph in type. He is asmart bog and we are proud of Him.—*Drake's Magazine.*

GOTHAM MATRON.—Why, Lydia, did n't you go to the cooking-school as you intended?

LYDIA.—Yes, ma, but there was no session; the lecturess is sick.

"I am sorry. What is the matter?"

"Dyspepsia."—*Tid-Bits.*

A GREAT man was the late Stanley Huntley, author of "Mr. Spoopendyke."

When scarcely of age, he was admitted to the bar, and became a law partner of his father.

Huntley told his father that they ought to have a new sign painted, with the new firm name on it. After some controversy, the old gentleman said that Stanley might go and order a plain, sensible sign.

About a week afterward, as the elder Huntley was entering his office, he was confronted by a gorgeous and gilded sign bearing the inscription:

STANLEY HUNTLEY & FATHER,
 Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.

—*Drake's Magazine.*

Gold Mines

are very uncertain property; for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over \$50 a single day at it. You can live at home, and earn from \$5 to \$25 and upward per day wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send your address, and all will be proved to you.

A sound mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes toward it more than the use of *Angostura Bitters*, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
 21 BROADWAY, N. Y.

PUCK PRINTING HOUSE,

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Proprietors.

Puck Building, Cor. Houston and Mulberry Streets, New York.

FACILITIES FOR

MERCANTILE JOB PRINTING,

POWER-PRESS PRINTING OF PLATES FOR LARGE EDITIONS OF MAGAZINES, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

Composition and Electrotyping of New Works.

FOLDING, STITCHING and BOOK-BINDING.

ESTIMATES FOR ABOVE BRANCHES FURNISHED.

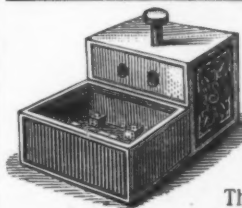
CHAS. JANNICKY, MANAGER.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
 AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



The Dice-Throwing Cigar-Cutter.

Cuts off the End of the Cigar and throws the Dice at the same time.
 Made of hard metal, hand-somely engraved, and sent per express free of expense on receipt of \$1.25. Very large discounts to the trade.

The Stewart Novelty Co.,
 109 EAST 9TH ST., NEW YORK.

MAGIC LANTERNS

and STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.
 A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 168 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfr. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.



Print Your Own Cards!

PRESS, \$2; Circular also press, \$4; Newspaper size, \$14. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to the factory, 17 KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Mr. Joseph Keppler's celebrated water-color portrait of

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND,

(from 10 color plates; the only portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which is drawn from life), 15 cents per copy, of all News-dealers, or by mail, on receipt of price, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

NEW YORK.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, FIRST CROP.

25 cents, By mail, 30 cents,

Of all News-dealers. To any part of the Globe.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, SECOND CROP.

25 cents, By mail, 30 cents,

Of all News-dealers. To any part of the Globe.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, THIRD CROP.

25 cents, By mail, 30 cents,

Of all News-dealers. To any part of the Globe.
 The Three Crops, to one address, by mail, for 75 cents, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

NEW YORK.

!!JUST OUT!!

PUCK KALENDER (German).

Being a German Edition of

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

64 Pages, (Puck size) Price, Twenty-five Cents

Of all News-dealers, or by Mail from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK

(German Department)

NEW YORK.

